

# THE DAILY INDEPENDENT

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Thursday, November 26, 1936

**WHILE ABOUT THANKSGIVING** for at this blessed season, and if we had to name the specific thing that we should be most thankful for we should be at a loss where to stick our pin. Maybe it would be better for each individual to decide for himself the thing he should be most thankful for.

But, one blessing that we have great cause to be thankful for, is the trend of American manufacturers toward keeping the cost of wanted goods and services more and more in line with our ability to buy.

For, after all, our individual wealth is not to be determined so much by the amount of money in the pay envelope, as by the amount of goods and services that the money in that pay envelope will buy.

Food, clothing and shelter merely no longer satisfy the needs and wants of up and coming Americans. Families in the most modest income groups want automobiles, radios, electric lights, telephones, plumbing, better heating and many things that we used to class as luxuries. American engineering and technical skill and mass production are bringing all these things more and more within the reach of larger numbers of people all the time.

Compare the cost of today's automobile with all of its perfections and refinements with the high-priced and inefficient gasoline buggy of a decade ago! Compare the cost of electric light and power today with its greater cost even four or five years ago! See what a wealth of art and reading matter publishers or national periodicals pack between the covers of a ten-cent magazine today! And, thanks to this same technical skill, no man has to buy custom made shoes or clothes any more.

There has been much bitter criticism of the labor-displacing machine and of combinations in business in restraint of individual enterprise. These criticisms will not hold against the cheaper prices and more efficient service that are possible thru these great modern agencies. What America needs is more goods, more services, lower prices, smaller profits, larger and faster turn-overs. Let us pause this day to give thanks that big business in America seems to be making a serious effort to adjust itself to this new economic philosophy.

**CORNING GOOD ADVICE** THE man we were interviewing was fidgeting with his watch, intent on the time. Presently he said: "Please don't think me rude, but I have an appointment with a life insurance agent."

"Are you buying more insurance?", we asked, since we suspected that the man carried about as much insurance as his budget would stand.

"No, indeed," said the man; "But this salesman wanted to show me his plan and I always make it a point to be obliging and courteous to any salesman. I am in the selling business myself and any conscientious salesman is entitled to every encouragement and every consideration that can be shown him. The man who is habitually impatient with or rude to salesmen is an enemy of the most constructive forces in American life and, likely as not, is hurting his own game."

We thought this was a good subject for editorializing, but turning the man's own words over in our mind we decided that he had covered the subject succinctly and forcefully. What do you think?

**FASCISM SHAMED** THE new constitution that Joseph Stalin offered the Russian people yesterday puts to shame the Fascism of Italy and the Nazism of Germany.

The new constitution guarantees unrestricted suffrage, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and provides for a bicameral parliamentary government patterned after our own Congress with its upper and lower houses.

Not only does the new constitution for Soviet Russia put Fascism and Nazism to shame, but it should put to shame America's Public Enemy No. 1, William Randolph Hearst, whose nation wide chain of newspapers invent and publish every conceivable

able lie to make it appear that Communism is a threat to America, while never finding cause for alarm in the fact that Fascists and Nazis in America outnumber Communists probably ten to one and constitute the real threat to the American democracy.

## NewsBehind the News

By PAUL MALLON

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### PRACTICAL WISDOM

Washington, November 25.—There are not going to be any constitutional amendments. The idea has been discarded. You may depend on that.

The president's legal counselors are wholly agreed that such a method of establishing minimum wages and maximum hours, or a centralized federal control over agriculture is impractical. The president knows it, too.

Although the governors of 39 states are now Democratic, and so are the legislatures of nearly as many states, it is apparent that President Roosevelt cannot expect to swing 36 states necessary to ratify any constitutional change. Any 13 states could beat him. He would probably lose that many in the East alone.

Consequently, the trend of inner New Deal thought on the subject has entirely changed, despite the election sweep. A practical way of accomplishing the same social and economic changes is being effected.

### PLANS

Contrary to popular belief, the president is not planning to bring forth a new simple law to effect his wage and hour objectives, because there is no such law.

The NRA substitute plans being promoted by various Roosevelt supporters (the Johnson plan, the Richberg plan, etc.) merely represent the personal view of their promoters. These will not be taken up by Mr. Roosevelt because they will not do the job. For a time, serious consideration was being given to the federal incorporation charter scheme (O'Mahoney bill), which has been widely advertised in the last few weeks. That scheme, too, has been dropped into the waste basket. Like the others, it was not practical. Legal authorities found that, if the state charter question ever were opened up by a new federal law, the damage done to good state charter laws (like that of New York) would be irreparable.

The plain fact is no law can be written to provide an effective federal system of minimum wages and maximum hours. Or if there is one, Mr. Roosevelt's searchers have not been able to find it.

### PROBLEM

The difficulties are these: Conditions in each industry and in each locality differ so widely that it is impossible to lay down an inflexible rule for all. The NRA discovered that.

Managers of corporations are now being beaten with political reeds because they will not loosen up on wages and hours, whereas everyone knows they are responsible to their stockholders to deliver earnings and profits. If they do not deliver, they will be supplanted by managers who will. No one has yet thought of a law which would make it profitable for managers to increase their labor costs until profits justify it. The law of human nature would have to be repealed, and the possibilities of that are even more remote than a constitutional amendment.

Finally, in view of the two conditions stated in the two preceding paragraphs, there is just no known way to keep chiselers from chiseling by law. In the early days of the New Deal, it was customary for Mr. Roosevelt to say, "There ought to be a law," and there was a law. That time is passed. What the president wants now is a law that will stick and be effective.

### LABOR

All this does not mean the president has abandoned his announced objectives. He is merely working to attain the same purpose through means other than those which are now under public debate.

First and foremost, he is obviously attempting to get the American labor movement strengthened and expanded on a national scale. He is said by some to believe that, if John L. Lewis can organize the steel industry, a national program of minimum wages and maximum hours can be effected. That is, labor itself might do the job, without any controlling federal legislation of importance.

What has happened in Tampa the last few days is not encouraging to those who expect anything from this source. As long as Messrs. Green and Lewis scrap about the horizontal and vertical methods of unionization, they might just as well both be permanently horizontal.

However, the possibilities of this approach to the Roosevelt purpose are by no means dead.

### UNOPENED LOOPHOLES

There is another way yet unopened in which the federal government may move. Pending in the Supreme court is the Wagner labor board case, and coming up later is the holding companies act. The decisions in these cases may be tremendously important.

The court will probably throw out the Wagner act on constitutional grounds. But the way in which the court chooses to throw it out may make a lot of difference. The decision may open a new way for federal wage and hour legislation which is not now known. It all depends on what the court says.

This is true, likewise, of the holding companies act. A test case involving the Electric Bond and Share company is now pending in New York. It will not reach the Supreme court for decision before spring.

The Wagner decision will probably be handed down in February.

### UNDERSTANDING

This line of presidential reasoning may explain many things which have been obscure during the campaign and since. For one thing, it indicates why he promised minimum wages and maximum hours, but never said how. It also suggests the cause for his protracted silence regarding constitutional amendments and the recent retreat of the various New Dealers who got into the headlines immediately after election with a fantastic assortment of fantastic cure-alls.

## DOWN CELLAR

(A Thanksgiving Poem)

I like to go down to the cellar,  
(When my lady has gone to her bed.)  
And count all the cans of rich peaches,  
Pears, plums and ripe cherries so red.

And strawberries, rhubarb and currants,  
And blueberries, raspberries, too,  
And gooseberries in such abundance,  
And other small fruits, not a few.

And the wee jars of jams and of jellies,  
(Made of crabapples, quinces and grapes)  
And some put in other small dishes,  
The queerest and oddest old shapes.

And sealers of beans and of carrots,  
And beets of such purple hue,  
And peas and tomatoes and pumpkins,  
To serve all the long winter through.

And jar after jar of prim pickles,  
Tomatoes, (green) cucumbers, (small),  
And Chili sauce, chow-chow, red cabbages,  
To suit epicurians all.

And the well filled big bin of potatoes,  
And apples so rosy and round,  
And cabbages, parsnips and turnips,  
What more could one ask to be found.

And my heart then is filled with thanksgiving,  
For these products so rich from the land,  
And I steal up and kiss the dear lady,  
For this wonderful work of her hand.

RALPH GORDON.

## THE ONCE OVER

By H. I. PHILLIPS  
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### THANKSGIVING

(As suggested by the poetical Thanksgiving proclamation issued by Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut.)

I  
When the hardy oak leaves rustle  
And the upper boughs are tossed,  
And a tang is in the airways  
And the fields are white with frost,  
Then the season of Thanksgiving  
When a man feels pretty small  
As he kneels before his Maker  
Who has seen him through it all.

II  
When the dusk comes on us early  
And the night moves down the pike  
Like an over-anxious caller  
Who would linger, friendly like,  
Then we know it is Thanksgiving.  
And we have the common touch  
As we feel that, unassisted,  
Well, we don't amount to much.

III  
Then we sense the ample blessings  
That have been our common lot  
As we hear the steady simmer  
Of the chicken in the pot;  
Then the dying year seems somehow  
Richer than we'd ever known.  
But we sense the truth undying—  
"Man can't live by bread alone!"

IV  
Yield of soil and yield of labor—  
Freedom from all bloody strife;  
Ours the things that nourish manhood,  
Dear as breath to mortal life;  
Things that build up faith and spirit,  
Heritages great and grand . . .  
There is something each Thanksgiving  
That just helps us understand.

V  
We are blest with peace and plenty,  
There is none to call a foe;  
Hated stirrings none of our people  
And the land is free of woe;  
So we in a manner humble  
Bow our heads in gratitude  
As the hardy oak leaves whisper  
By the roadside, "God is good!"

### Playing Safe

The use of Santa Claus in liquor advertisements is frowned on by the New York State Liquor Authority. It doesn't want to run any chance on the kiddies reciting it:  
When what to my wondering eyes  
Should appear  
But a sleigh full of whisky, wine,  
Lager and beer!  
With a little old driver so lively  
And quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be  
St. Nic!

And the Liquor Authority may also want to nail the sentiment that a man has to be jingled to appreciate jingle bells.

They say the Yale football team thinks "Pippa Passes" is a football poem.

Madrid refugees are being rescued in taxicabs, which is not giving them much choice of ordeals.

Can You Remember—  
Away back when everybody in the United States wanted to get into a Spanish war?

Washington is surrounding the stock market player with so much protection that he is feeling almost as miserable as in the days when he had none at all.

Add similes: As lacking in sentiment as a pro football player.

Elmer Twitchell says that maybe Mr. Tugwell went into the molasses business because Roosevelt

was such a "spread" in the election.

Seasonal theatrical note by Viola Ogden: The melancholy Danes are here.

"Pastor Whips Singer in Bout at the Coliseum."—Headline.

The usual choir trouble, says L. S. Bryant.

Beauty a la Carte  
She's fair to look upon, by far  
Fairer than yonder twinkling star;  
Scarce had I met her ere I fell  
Under her beauty's magic spell.

She has intelligence and brains;  
And passion's pangs and lover's pains  
Vanish straightway into thin air,  
Scented with perfume from her hair.

She's dainty and she's oh, so sweet,  
She has such nimble dancing feet;  
One thing alone brings me remorse:  
Why does she eat just like a horse?

AVERY L. GILES.  
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## WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

**ARMISTICE IS RIGHT**  
Armistice: "A brief cessation of arms, by convention; a temporary suspension of hostilities, by agreement; a truce."—Webster's.  
This year it was estimated that the world is spending no less than ten billion dollars on armaments. This is nearly three times what it was spending in 1914. The cost has steadily and rapidly risen since the armistice and the end is not yet.

Nor did the costly World War make the world safe for democracy. Instead, there are now more military oligarchies than ever, dictatorships of right and left, and tyrannies of all sorts. And there are more men under arms than ever before.

Armistice is right. The armistice merely brought us "a brief cessation of arms." That is all the world got for its ten millions of casualties and its tens of billions of money—New York World-Telegram.

### Hen Appears in Court

Alameda, Cal. (U.P.)—A little red hen named Bridget appeared in court in the arms of Patrolman William Pries as a witness when Herbert Lenz stood trial for her abduction. The hen watched as he was fined \$100 and she didn't even flutter.

## HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By Alley

DE MO' MONEY  
I GIVES DE OLE  
'OMAN, DE MO'  
MONEY SHE AIN'  
GOT!!



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## IDLE HANDS



## TODAY'S RADIO PROGRAM

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26

NBC-WEAF RED NETWORK

1:00—The Fashion Show—W. C. 1:30—To be announced—W. C. 1:45—Answer Me This Prog. 2:00—White City Sleep—W. C. 2:15—Tom Mix, Starline—W. C. 2:30—Jack Armstrong's Sketch. 2:45—Little Orphan Annie—W. C. 3:00—Cabin and the Cotton. 3:15—News—Jesse Crawford—W. C. 3:30—Free Radio News—Period. 3:45—Ruth Lane and Songs. 4:00—Hills and Betty—WEAF only. 4:15—Amos 'n' Andy—cast only. 4:30—The Voice of Experience. 4:45—Gilbert Seldes—W. C. 5:00—Betty Ross—W. C. 5:15—The Fur Trappers—WEAF, Terrell. 5:30—Franklin Temple—W. C. 5:45—Ruth Lane—W. C. 6:00—Lanny Ross—W. C. 6:15—Radio Music Hall—W. C. 6:30—News—W. C. 6:45—The Big Game—Sports—W. C. 6:55—Radio Orchestra. 7:15—Jesse Crawford at Organ. 7:30—Ben Bernie and Orchestra. 7:45—Joe Glavin and Orchestra. 7:55—Joe Glavin and Orchestra.

CBC-WABC NETWORK

5:15—Radio Music Hall—W. C. 5:30—Ruth Lane and Songs. 5:45—W. C. 6:00—Ruth Lane and Songs. 6:15—Ruth Lane and Songs. 6:30—Ruth Lane and Songs. 6:45—Ruth Lane and Songs. 6:55—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:00—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:15—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:30—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:45—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:55—Ruth Lane and Songs. 8:00—Ruth Lane and Songs.

NBC-WABC BLUE NETWORK

5:30—The Singing Lady—W. C. 5:45—Flying Time—W. C. 6:00—News—J. Wilkinson, Songs. 6:15—Don Lang's Annual Story. 6:30—Five Minute—Songs, Comed. 6:45—Free Radio News—W. C. 6:55—Radio Music Hall—W. C. 7:00—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:15—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:30—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:45—Ruth Lane and Songs. 7:55—Ruth Lane and Songs. 8:00—Ruth Lane and Songs.

WTAR—780 Kilocycles.

7:00—Musical Calendar. 8:00—News—W. C. 8:15—Society Flash—W. C. 8:30—Time Service. 8:45—Ruth Lane and Songs. 9:00—Ruth Lane and Songs. 9:15—Church of the Air. 9:30—Breakfast Club (NBC). 9:45—Program—W. C. 10:00—Musical Interlude. 10:15—News—W. C. 10:30—Vernice Sette (NBC). 10:45—Ruth Lane and Songs. 10:55—Ruth Lane and Songs. 11:00—Today's Children (NBC). 11:15—Musical Tidbits. 11:30—Herman and Berta (NBC). 11:45—Three Majors (NBC). 11:55—Musical Interlude. 12:00—Voice of Weather, J. J. Murphy. 12:05—Arlington Time Signal (NBC). 12:10—Radio Lunch—W. C. 12:20—Farm and Home Hour (NBC). 12:30—Vaughan De Leath (NBC). 12:45—Hot and Will (NBC). 1:00—To be announced (NBC). 1:15—Personal Column (NBC). 1:30—Pepper Young's Family (NBC). 1:45—Our Own Ma Perkins (NBC). 2:00—Golden Jubilee. 2:15—One Minute Drama. 2:30—Rochester Orchestra (NBC). 2:45—To be announced. 2:55—Alabama Vanderbilt Game (NBC).

### Huge Coal Chunk Mined

Salt Lake City.—(U.P.)—A 5x10-foot chunk of coal from the Carbon county fields exhibited at the state capital weighs 20,900 pounds. Tremendous pressure on old vegetable matter pressed the mass to its extremely condensed state, geologists explained.

## A Thanksgiving Happenstance

By LUCY MEACHAM THRUSTON

Sarah Ann looked at the basket beside her, gave a twitch to the snow-white towel over it and counted on her fingers the things she had put into it: goose—Thanksgiving goose—sweet potatoes dripping honey, pickles, jelly, mince pie—whole and oozing spicy sweetness from its scallops. Yes, that was just the way great grandma Sarah Ann might have packed it; and the thing great grandma might have done would be to carry it down to Mammy Lu at the quarters.

True only one good stout cabin was left of the long row which used to be down at the edge of the woods, but Sarah Ann loved to say "quarters." It sounded so story bookish.

And wouldn't Mammy Lu and great grandson Spice just reach for that basket? Rather, she thought as she patted on her beret. Great grandma must have been strong. This basket was heavy.

Half way to the cabin Sarah Ann sat it down. She liked to stop at this bit of path anyway. Yellow-brown sedge ran right up to green pine and red-berried holly, and over above them stood bronze oaks and green trailing cypress and gum trees, scarlet and scattering brown spiked balls on the ground. Yes, this was better than Charles Street with its shops and Lexington market with its heaps of goodies. No street cars clanging nor auto horns screeching, but winds whispering through sedge and singing in tree tops; and over that way a curl of smoke, Mammy Lu's cabin.

And there flew up a quail, and here a rabbit flicked his powder-puff tail. But there—Oh, she should have had more sense! Didn't they tell her bears were coming out of the swamp, Spice had seen one.

"Spice, Spice," she shrieked. Something brown, something big was leaping, lumbering out of the wood. It came right for her. Sarah Ann started to run. That big brown thing ran right after her. She caught her foot in a root, a tiny root, but big enough to trip her. Down she went, down

went the basket. But Sarah Ann held on to it, and her cape flew up over it and over her head. Something big and hot and hard leaped straight over her and was gone. And someone was running up there and laughing. The hateful Spice!

"Jes ol' Bimbo out humpin' hisself. Seen any rabbits run n'ar?" Sarah Ann was pulled to her feet. Spice took the basket. "Sort of heavy."

"I was bringing it to you and Mammy Lou," said Sarah Ann stiffly, "some Thanksgiving dinner."

"Thanksgiving?" Spice ran his free hand down over his stomach. "Done stuff myself, but guess I can eat some mo'."

Mammy Lu was more grateful. "Now aint dis de nices? Settled down hyar chile, an' let me take dese good things out. Roast goose mince pie? Well, we had barbecued rabbit and 'simmon puddin' Ever tase 'em? Want some? Set right dyar by de fish. Hyer Em seems like you likes it."

"Thanksgiving? I say to Spice dis day we has one lot to be thankful fer. Good warm chile dis. Step to de woods and I see all de fish-wood we wants. Spice got a fat rabbit in his trap every mornin', and de good Lane hang de tree full of 'simmons. Aint like yo' ma, she got to tote all she has to eat home in a basket. K'e, we us—we's got de wood an' de trees an' things a growin', an' things arunnin' 'bout jus waitin' to be cotched. We's thankful fer 'em all an' de good air an' de blue sky. Chil, what's you thankful fer dis day?"

"Me?" Sarah Ann paused. "I'm thankful that Bimbo des didn't hurt me."

"Hm, dat dog Bimbo ruttin' you down, jumpin' ober you—H'l thing like dat. Me?" Spice stuck his thumbs under his armpits and strutted across the cabin floor. "It's got lots, like Mammy Lu said, mo' too, aint nobody ought to be thankful fer jes one H'l thing; all de time, all de day, dat's de time to be thankful. At dat's comin', not jes one H'l HAPPENSTANCE."

## SEE

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